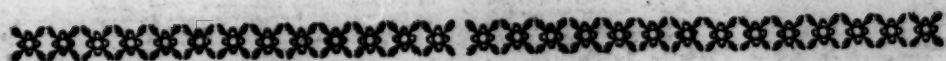


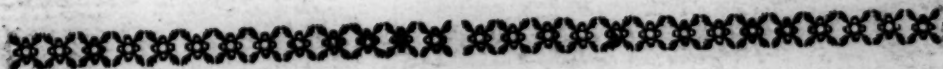
Bentley (R). 2nd Ed.



P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.



[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

*

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1765

P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.

I N S I X C A N T O S.

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

Behold thy Gods, O Israel!

1 KINGS.

*Contra vitia asperè, contra pericula animosè, contra fortunam
superbè, contra ambitionem contumeliosè.*

LUCILIUS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WILKIE, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1765.

PATRIOTISM

MOCK-HEROES

IN SIX CANTOS

THE SECOND EDITION

WITH THE GAY OF 1848

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE GAY OF 1848'

LONDON:

Printed by J. Wilson, in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1849



P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.

C A N T O I.

T WAS night; the voice of jollity was hush'd,
Doz'd all her vot'ries, reasonably flush'd;
Song, argument, invention, laughter, jest,
Wit, bawdry, criticism, had reel'd to rest:
Scandal had empty'd all his tub on BUTE, 5
Abuse of Royalty itself was mute.
Sleep in his pleasing bands had all things ty'd,
All but the eyes of disappointed PRIDE.
She lay revolving in her anxious mind,
How *Resignation* had too much resign'd; 10

That places were dispens'd as others will'd,
And ev'ry gap of government was fill'd;
New Statesmen at the helm usurp'd her trade,
While glibly sail'd the ship without her aid.
Seeking repose from side to side she flings, 15
No change of posture pause of anguish brings.
Each grinding thought alleviation scorns,
And sharpens all the goose-down into thorns.

Forth from the loathed bed in haste she flew,
And round her weary'd limbs her vestments threw. 20
Enwroughtwith gold, in lelac purple dy'd,
The velvet cas'd her endless length of side.
Two calveless bags of silk then stretch'd to see
If they could reach from heel to distant knee.
Next splay-foot shoes she to her insteps girt, 25
Shoes which disdain'd, yet still were doom'd to dirt;
Her thigh sustain'd a sword unknown to war,
And beam'd upon her breast a silver star,
Whose rays with magic influence could warm
Almost to consequence the languid form. 30

A M O C K - H E R O I C.

7

Accoutred thus, forth of her doors she went,
And her dark visit was to FACTION bent;
Resolv'd, like heav'n-rejected *Saul*, to try
What counsel t'other party might supply,
Onward she strides, impatient of delay, 35
Flound'ring thro' ev'ry kennel in her way;
Now *Charing-cross*, the *Temple* next she pass'd,
Then the dull, fable, *Ditch*, with equal haste,
Now reach'd St. *Paul's*, and bless'd the Lord that there
Tho' He was prais'd, 'twas with unwilling pray'r. 40
Thence in a grateful rapture stretch'd to *Bow*,
And heard th' *unmuffled* tongue of night strike *two*.
Acknowledging the omen, she advanc'd,
While sudden vigour thro' each sinew danc'd.

High on a hundred columns, whose dead weight 45
Presses the rustic base in aukward state,
Where hardly they sustain, their shafts unbent,
The load of cornice, and of pediment
Which rough with sculpture in strong emblem clad,
Tells us, that riches make a city mad; 50

The pond'rous mansion-house of FACTION stands,
Rais'd by o'er-reaching heads and griping hands.

Before the gate, a giant fierce and fell,
Stalk'd *Opposition*, watchful centinel!
And *Who goes there*, he cry'd, *yourself explain* ; 55
A friend, she said, *to Denmark, not the Dane*.
Her well-known Voice he recollected strait,
Quick every bolt shoots backward on the Gate,
Bolts to endure which never own'd the pow'r,
But only made to serve the present hour, 60
And yet the very best, for strength and size,
The blacksmith's *Place* and *Pension* could devise.

Of canker'd brass and rusty ir'n each door,
Stood massive, spirtled thick with human gore,
Which Popularity for ever draws 65
From fools, in Patriot-Rebellion's cause.
Open they burst, with desperate recoil,
The jarring hinges scream for want of oil,

A M O C K - H E R O I C.

9

Loud and discordant, as when civil rage

Incites two kindred armies to engage.

70

Near Aylesbury first caught the horrid sound,

And echo'd all its terrors with rebound,

Concord at *distant Stowe* perceiv'd the yell,

While down her ill-adapted vizor fell;

Extremest Exeter rock'd to the noise,

75

And aided its hoarse thunder with her voice:

At once her cyders four, and all around

Her apple-blossoms strew the blushing ground.

And now, where yawn'd the portal rude and vast,

To FACTION's residence the Goddess past.

80

Close to the door, in the first vestibule,

Sat *Clamour*, *Riot*, *Insult*, and *Misrule*,

Stern *Menace*, *Licence* grown to dang'rous size,

Reproach, and an infinitude of *Lyes*.

65

A thousand voices bellow through the room,

85

A thousand echoes clatter 'gainst the dome;

Copious, but unconnected eloquence,
 Words of fierce import, but of little sense;
 Not meant to mean, and therefore to appear
 More irritative to the vulgar ear. 90

There might be heard, 'midst other piteous cries,
Liberty! Property! and no Excise!

Of *Magna Charta* the more dreadful roar;
 Prerogative, and arbitrary Pow'r—:

There *Habeas-corpus* howl'd, from jail broke loose, 95

Slav'ry, and privilege, and wooden shoes—
 Corruption, favourites, and no address—

And uncontroul'd the licence of the press:

Sounds that all sense of order could erase,

But get the man, who bursts thro' all, a place. 100

Stun'd with the deaf'ning peal she pass'd along,
 (Yet passing would caress the friendly throng)

Thro' vast saloons which spoke *May'r-royal* state,
 Rich without taste, and without grandeur, great.

Yet here the chissel and the pencil strove
 Best to record the objects of Mob-love.

A M O C K - H E R O I C.

11

Tribunes, and Ephori, and Demagogues,
By men call'd patriots, but by Gods plain rogues;
Such as, provided they themselves grew great,
Felt no remorse to overturn a State.

110

Nor wanted here each dirty, dreadful job,
That *Faction* perpetrates to please the Mob.
To please the Mob, here mighty *Strafford* bled,
And *Laud* laid down his venerable head.

To please the Mob, here *Portobello's* wall

115

Before the boist'rous *Vernon* learns to fall;
At once, his SIX SHIPS ONLY batter down
The sympathetic Ministry, and town.

To please the Mob, *Byng* stains the blushing Deep,
And *Blakeney* earns a peerage in his sleep.

120

To please the Mob, our fleets their canvas strain,
And expeditions hide the wond'ring Main,
The Main more wond'ring wafts us back, alas!

Thin'd from the wars of *Rockfort* and *St. Cas*:

What matter? since defeat our joy inspires,

125

And *Cassel* lost can light a thousand fires.

To please the Mob, prone with Mobs to mix,
 Puts up to public sale his coach and fix.
 By having pleas'd the Mob, here *Cromwell* stood,
 And shew'd how private thrives by public good; 130
 And might have shewn us gulls, if gulls could see,
 That *Slavery* tracks th' abuse of *Liberty*.
 Confess'd at length the Patriot-Tyrant reign'd,
 And snapt that freedom *Charles* had only strain'd.
Hampden * was here, in his *Eidolon* here, 135
 A would-be tutor to the Royal Heir,
 But he himself dwells in the fields of Fame,
 Wedded to Liberty's immortal name.
 And here in tints more recent might be view'd
 (Instructive picture of court gratitude!) 140
 How round their prince his favour'd servants stand,
 While fierce rebellion gores his bleeding land;
 Faith, honour, duty, loyalty, the laws,
 Urge them, no doubt, to perish in his cause?

* Hollis was to be made secretary of state, Pym chancellor of the
 Exchequer, lord Say master of the wards, the earl of Essex governor,
 and Hampden tutor, to the prince.

A M O C K - H E R O I C. 13

No, but to serve with *Granville* they refuse; 145

So great a crime in Monarchs 'tis, to *chuse* !

A hundred other equal deeds appear,

Nay, half the *English* History was here.

While, over all the rest, conspicuous shines

Old *Sarah's* legacy in golden lines. 150

Around in less compartments were bestow'd

Of underling incendiaries a crowd,

35 Such as employ'd the pulpit or the press,

To enforce the doctrines of licentiousness;

Here *Party* canoniz'd such denizens, 155

Whose ears had paid the forfeit of their pens;

And while in all her glaring daub she paints,

40 Villains grow heroes, scoundrels turn to saints.

Our Goddess midst the rest herself descry'd,

Fix'd with the leaders of the *other side*; 160

And, ah ! she said, the very walls can trace,

How often we change principles for place."

E N D OF C A N T O I.

A M O R - T I B O I C

No, but to live with God, and to love him.

to give a crown of life to the

and other good things

the Holy Spirit

over all things, conspicuous

in the heart of golden

in the heart of golden

in the heart of golden

in the heart of golden

in the heart of golden

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P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.

C A N T O II.

I N the Recess of something like a tomb,
Which *Architecture*, (sick of *Greece* and *Rome*,
And copying what never was at all,)
Is pleas'd to christen an *Egyptian Hall*;
Our Goddess, whom she sought, at length survey'd, 5
In anti-kingly majesty array'd.
Busby she found him in this solemn place,
At solemn sacrifice, with solemn face.
He but to *Commerce* scorn'd to pour a pray'r,
To other Deity employ'd his care.

Of solid gold, and of enormous fize,
Yet not so big her belly as her eyes,
She stood; and seem'd as she would hide the Globe
Beneath the drap'ry of her flowing robe.
Fast by, with full Extent of gullet grac'd,
Her attribute, the *Cormorant*, was plac'd.

The victims dire Religion bade him cull,
All without blemish, all of blackest wool,
All newly bought, all newly flay'd alive,
A decatomb, of Negro slaves twice five.
He on their reeking muscles, red and blue,
Sharp vinegar, with salt and pepper, threw;
They writh with pain convolv'd. As when to cram
Some citizen's unfathomable wem,
The Turtle, riven with his mail, poor fish!
Perceives himself begin to grow a dish;
Convuls'd, each undulating fibre plays
In waves of agony a thousand ways.
So fixt the inextinguishable soul,
That dress'd, perhaps he feels thy teeth, K * *.

And thus, one knee down to the pavement laid
Lowly, with supplicating voice he pray'd.

“ Mover of Heav'n and Earth, whose vast embrace
“ Spreads co-extensive with this nether space;
“ Nature opposes to whose thirst of gain 35
“ Her Oceans, Alps and Andes, all in vain!
“ Whose iron sway each cow'ring Ind proclaims,
“ And at thy counter buys its diadems----

“ Or hear'st thou rather, mistress of the seas,
“ Daughter of Neptune! round whose azure knees 40
“ While in fond infancy thou sporting plaid'st;
“ Give, give, oh give me all that is, thou said'st:
“ He could not all. But peace with perj'ry made,
“ Else heav'n have mercy on the fairest trade!

“ Oh, by whatever name best call'd, give ear, 45
“ Assist the *Needful* in this time of fear;
“ And ere the Nation, pausing from its woes,
“ Fold up its idle arms in soft repose,

“ Ere Plenty cease to starve, ere Int’rest fall,
“ And Privateering grow no trade at all, 50
“ Ere, piercing thro’ the cobwebs that we weave,
“ Mankind this universal Truth perceive,
“ That, load at pleasure the feign’d fav’rite’s head,
“ A PEOPLE’S FAV’RITE IS THE MAN TO DREAD;
“ Diffuse thy pride of riches ev’ry way, 55
“ Till all would govern, not one soul obey:
“ Then leave to me, Fears, Jealousies, Complaints,
“ Not as of old, wrap’d in the cloak of Saints,
“ But given naked to the peoples arms,
“ With all Licentiousness can boast of charms.” 60

He ceas’d, the image neither speaks, nor rocks;
Our modern statues are the veryest blocks!

Civilities are ne’er so duely paid
To any folks, as when we want their aid.
The Goddess therefore patiently repress’d 65
Herself till now, then FACTION thus adress’d,

“ O Thou! for whom and from whom I was form'd,
“ Whose counsel moulded, and whose spirit warm'd,
“ Whose early whispers taught me first to know
“ These purple honours, which around me glow, 70
“ To thee I come my sorrows to impart;
“ Rest shuns these eyes, and care corrodes this heart:
“ But thou assist, in this conjuncture nice,
“ The lab'ring Party with thy sage advice.
“ Thus far, indeed, success has crown'd our arms, 75
“ BUTE quits; not shaken with our fierce alarms,
“ For who wild, empty, clamour would regard,
“ That in his conscience finds his own reward?
“ But that the honest fool resolv'd before
“ To make his long'd-for peace, and throw up pow'r,
“ Resolv'd like *Phineas* in the gap to stand 81
“ And staunch the spouting art'ries of the land,
“ Convinc'd, the People still this truth would prove,
“ That serve them, and you lose their fickle love.
65 “ And now, for public quiet, yields that rein 85
“ We quitted only to resume again.

“ But we advance no higher than before ;
“ Our empty niches know us all no more ;
“ Still the State Truncheon flies our eager grasp,
“ And Calumny is at its latest gasp. 90
“ What to do next ! Insult can do no more,
“ Higher than *Forty-five* it cannot soar,
“ Where, to full pitch of sturdy vigour grown,
“ It fairly gives the lye home to the T——e :
“ Nothing remains which farther we can drive, 95
“ Or *Forty-eight* comes next to *Forty-five*..

“ Then shall we idly sit, hand-cuff'd and dumb,
“ And let Truth work, and purge away the scum
“ We have fermented ? let the dross deject,
“ Till its clear bosom shall all Heav'n reflect ? 100
“ Forbid it Fate ! forbid it Ridicule !
“ And all our boasts to ruin or to rule !

“ We must and will have all : but how to seize,
“ To spill the cyder, or cut down the trees,

“ More suits at law commence, more papers write, 105

“ To give more dinners, and more guests invite,

“ I come to ask. Or if thy wond’rous art

“ Some, yet untried, invention can impart,

“ How to one common channel may be bent

“ The shores that stink in private discontent, 110

“ Till, purify’d by Party all their mud,

“ We pour resistless the impetuous flood ;

“ As roll a thousand rills down London streets,

“ Each rank and black with all the filth it meets,

“ Yet, in the river soon as join their streams, 115

“ They instantly become the silver Thames ;

“ Deign to advise, thy counsel be my guide.”

She said, and FACTION to her thus reply’d.

“ To raise the Mob by master-strokes of art,

“ Inflamm the passions, and mislead the heart, 120

“ Make happy subjects surfeit on their ease,

“ Repine at blessings, and grow sick of peace,—

“ To pour the multitude which way we list,

“ And ere they’re injur’d, set them to resist,

- “ Halloo them on, to roar with frantic zeal, 125
“ Against oppressions which no soul can feel,
“ Till they desire to spill their desp’rate lives,
“ For Printers’ ‘Prentices’ prerogatives ;——
“ To bid a little river flow along
“ The sole criterion to know right from wrong, 130
“ With ev’ry lash of infamy impel
“ The farther side, because it *won’t* rebel,——
“ On all who dare imply we do amiss,
“ Point ready Obloquy’s insulting hiss ;
“ Hold up, in whomsoever we disapprove, 135
“ (And that means all who share their Master’s love)
“ Virtue or Genius, like th’ Athenian Owl,
“ To the blunt peck of ev’ry other fowl ;
“ All the humanity of BUTE to blot,
“ And all thy candour, MANSFIELD, sink in *Scot* ;——
“ Recast the Royal Virtues, which before 141
“ The Nation worshipp’d, and cry down the ore,
“ To teach the People this indulgent Reign
“ With ev’ry charge of Tyranny to stain,

A M O C K - H E R O I C. 23

“ Unchoak’d to swallow contradictions down, 145
 “ In *Antonine’s* mild look fear *Nero’s* frown,
 “ Wrest his intention, and distort each fact,
 “ And lend them treason till they long to act——
 “ The Prince against his Counsellors to move,
 “ And while we only seem to beg, reprove, 150
 “ In terms of duty wrap each boist’rous deed,
 “ Kneel while we stab, and libel while we plead,
 “ FACTION has pow’r; nay, has already done,
 “ And yet but little of our course we’ve run,
 “ Much still remains; and we must toil and strive 155
 “ Ere the great days of Anarchy revive :
 “ A watchful eye scouls over all our game,
 “ And while it seems to wink, but takes its aim.

“ Oh ! had but Fate to HALIFAX decreed
 “ His seat of birth on t’other side the *Tweed*! 160
 “ Had some bleak Shire, of penury the reign,
 “ More starv’d than *Famine’s Prophecy* can feign,
 “ But giv’n him Title, in the gen’ral ban,
 “ We with the country had o’erwhelm’d the man;

- “ There like *Enceladus* he'd lain oppress'd 165
“ With half an Island bearing on his breast.
“ While now, on its high basis, past our aim,
“ This perfect statue rests without a maim,
“ But could we hope his virtues to decry,
“ And shew them blighted to the People's eye; 170
“ Would not *Ierne* all their bloom renew,
“ And call the blushing honours fresh in view?
“ Recount, how lenity to prudence join'd
“ Shone the reflexion of his Sov'reign's mind;
“ How form'd to win by ev'ry honest art, 175
“ Bless'd by each voice, and lord of ev'ry heart;
“ Yet, when a Nation press'd him to receive
“ All that a Nation's gratitude could give,
“ The strong allure of int'rest he withstood,
“ Above reward, and paid by, doing good? 180

- “ Here then we stick; but still of hope a gleam
“ Points thro' the dusky thought its trembling beam,
“ The Deities, from Heav'n self-exil'd, meet
“ At a grand council, and a grander treat,

A M O C K - H E R O I C. 25

“ To-morrow. Such AMBITION's high behest, 185

“ And FOLLY does the honours of the feast.

“ Be there, the best advice sure to receive,

“ If multitude of Counsellors can give :

“ Till then beneath this roof remain my guest,

“ 'Tis break of day, and time to go to rest.” 190

So saying, her attendants she bid spread

For her great visitant the lofty bed.

And first the Fox's skin began the Pile,

Next of the Bear was spread the shaggy spoil,

And over that the Lion's tawny hide 195

Finish'd the whole for disappointed PRIDE.

There ev'ry pore, as she extended laid,

Imbib'd instruction from the mystic bed.

E N D O F C A N T O I I.

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF
JAMES OGLETHORPE
BY
JOHN STURGES
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II
LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD, 1784.

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P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.

C A N T O III.

OH for the warning voice of him who saw
The ruin continental Measures draw,
What time by perjurable *Styx* he swore
To waste on them nor man nor guinea more ;
That yet the People, made in time aware, 5
Might haply 'scape *Sedition's* dang'rous snare!

For now the rolling hours brought on, too soon!
The day, whose morn as usual rose at noon,

Wherein th' Arch-enemy to peace began
 To meet in deep consult her dark Divan: 10
 The Sun conceal'd in fogs his fullen ray,
 And dreadful omens usher'd in the day.

Forth from his *George-Street* airy upward springs
 The fierce *North-Briton* on audacious wings:
 Th' encumber'd air could scarce sustain this Fowl, 15
 Which dares an Eagle, tho' it looks an Owl.
 Undazzled he beholds the tow'ring height,
 And to Olympus lifts his desp'rate flight.

Next him uprose, and of as bad portent,
 On wings, ah pity! by the Muses lent, 20
 A Black-bird erst in sober liv'ry drest,
 Now party-colour'd plumage stains his breast;
 Passion had chang'd his old appearance meek,
 Had arm'd his talons, and hook'd down his beak:
 His pinion strong, if dirt depress'd it not, 25
 And sweet his throat would it cry aught but *Scot*—

3. Neglected soon we let the Parrot roar,
Whose dictionary knows but Rogue and Whore.

10

Of lower flight, scarce hov'ring from the ground,
The *Monitor* his lesser circle wound ;

30

The Vultur he, of old whom *Jove* severe,
(That *Jove* who would direct this nether sphere,)

Ordain'd thro' *Holland's* sides to bore his way,

15

And on his growing vitals weekly prey.

And these behind with boding, croaking cry,

35

The *Contrast* flutter'd, for it could not fly.

While hopp'd on either side, pert, noisy, light,

The Magpye *Gazetteer*, half black, half white.

20

Around, on ev'ry part whole flocks arose

Of Rooks and Ravens, Chronicles and Crows ;

40

Fann'd by innumerable pens, the sky

Of Printer's ink assum'd the fable dye.

25

Now prone from his meridian, when the sun
Had more than half his evening journey run,
And Folly's board, with heap'd profusion press'd, 45
Had spread satiety from guest to guest;
PRIDE, in whose bosom, alien to repose,
Still carkled all her cares, to speak arose:
Thrice she essay'd; but from her elbow chair
As oft AMBITION nodded to forbear: 50
She stopp'd, so wont t' obey. Now forward comes
The baby-show of paper, glass and plumbs,
Born by a hundred servants thro' the space,
Who ne'er saw wages but in shape of Place,
And up they pile the vast desert in air; 55
(The plate of gold by rule of Court was there)
Where *Robinson* had play'd his master part,
And in one job exhausted all the Art.

High in the midst of the whole fabric rais'd,
A barley-sugar Minister was plac'd, 60

A M O C K - H E R O I C.

31

His comfit promises who round him throws
On Dresden-china courtiers rang'd in rows.
So just the artist did his skill display,
Ev'n in the gift they seem'd to melt away.

Close at his side, and wond'ring she was sweet, 65
Justice no longer stern, possess'd her seat:
The Master had her likeness hit so pat,
You'd swear she was the sister of J——e P——t.

Beneath in sugar, as in crime, combin'd,
Were HALIFAX and EGREMONT design'd: 70
The noble robbers stood in flagrant act,
A stol'n brass candlestick confess'd the fact.

And opposite in *Naples* biscuit rose,
Whose moat in green and silver tiffue flows,
The guilty tow'r of *Julius*; all around 75
In orange-peel its dreadful warders frown'd,

60

And seem'd to tread, fight horrid and unmeet!
A wafer MAGNA-CHARTA under feet.

There round a chariot, thro' the parted throng,
In bronze the threat'ning bruisers march'd along ; 80
The decent Mob, such fear within them dwelt,
Retire to distance, and forbear to pelt.

Here, in the front, was form'd a sumptuous feast,
And seem'd both great and amiable the guest ;
Giv'n to whose name the outward form appear'd, 85
But the sly honours at another leer'd.
Th' immense pile stood compleat ; the whole to shape,
Quite round the ruddy apple mourn'd in crape.
All prais'd the hand, all the design admir'd,
Warm'd as they gaz'd, but when they tasted, fir'd. 90

Now *Loyalty* begins the sacred health,
On which *Sedition* only creeps by stealth:

The toasts, still as they wander from this source,
Shew more evanid its diluted force.

As when, all-graceful MARLBOROUGH, your dress
80 Tell us that *Ranelagh* you mean to bless, 96
While down your perfect form in rainbow rows,
The lutestring stripe with gay confusion flows;
The point insensible, (the difference seen)
Where purple steals to yellow, or to green: 100
We find, deluded thro' the varying filks,
85 That what commenc'd with G— concludes with W—,

I trust that Heav'n the *Thracian* did destroy,
Perverter first of toasting, born to joy,
Who mingled Int'rest with the flow of soul, 105
90 And dash'd with Party, Friendship's smiling bowl.
Menace and fell Revenge lurk to be quaff'd
In the foul bottom of the dang'rous draught.

At FOLLY's board no mischief stalk'd behind,
For people out of place are of one mind,

Jointly they hunt; but difference and debate
Come when they share the Bear's-skin of the State.

And now in general discourse they join,
Heated with healths, more potent than the wine,
Till custom, reason, fact, are chang'd and chopp'd,
To all that modern Patriots adopt. 116
All spoke, and all advis'd a thousand things,
To buoy up Citizens and weigh down Kings;
And some direct the matter how to mince,
And mean by evil Counsellors the Prince, 120
How turn Militia to a Counter-Guard,
And while disbanded valour they reward,
(Humanity can never be a crime,)
They keep it ready till a proper time.
Some mourn the injuries They groan beneath, 125
Who owe to courts the very air they breathe,
Who, one small boon deny'd, those courts resist,
And but for that, that only, are dismiss'd:
As to past favours—staunch State-Atheists say,
Duty, the soul, dies with its body, pay 130

A M O C K - H E R O I C. 35

Some tell the ready way on mobs t' impose,
 Whose fight extends no farther than their nose,
 To whom conviction never found its way,
 They still believe the Pulteney of the day.
 Others advance how squabbles make us great, 135
 And cutting throats gives vigour to a state.
 What profits burgeon from domestic jars,
 And all the blessings show'r'd on civil wars:
 The song was partial, yet it took the ear
 Of all who fought their thousand pounds a year. 140

When FoLLY, to give order to debate,
 Stood up a mighty driveller of state,
 Ridiculously grand, her cap and bells
 Important insignificance conceals.

A petticoated *Nestor* she appears, 145
 Bending beneath unvenerable years.
 A shrivell'd evidence how very small
 A share of reason goes to rule this Ball;
 Two reigns she'd blunder'd thro' still uppermost,
 Quitted the third, nor gave the fourth for lost. 150

With manna still her tongue run o'er replete,
 Thick, clammy, mawkish, purgatively sweet,
 And fell her words like hail in summer day,
 As hard, as cold, as apt to melt away.
 The *Lingua-Franca* sediment of school, 155
 Where she miss'd science, mark'd her still more fool;
 Which with fix Latin shreds conn'd o'er with pain,
 Wove the loose texture of her flimsy brain.

She mumbled now tow'rds speech: but ere the course
 Of tinkling nonsense guggled from its source, 160
 PARTY, all-gracious mistress, who imparts
 Sense to void heads, and worth to hollow hearts,
 Trembling for her new proselyte, made haste,
 With kind precaution, where the brain is plac'd
 In skulls that have it, gently to distil 165
 Three drops of sage prepar'd by Dr. Hill.

The clouds of dulness part, and just dispense
 A wat'ry gleam of transitory sense;

A M O C K - H E R O I C.

37

New rays of tepid reason entrance find,

And short conceptions sprout within her mind. 170

Thus in Umæan * Lapland, when the ground,

From the long rigour of the frost unbound,

Receives the lowly sun in level line

Refracted, for he only seems to shine:

The wond'ring native new-learn'd culture plies 175

And sees lean harvests in pale verdure rise,

Thin-scatter'd spires of trembling bent appear,

And the wild barley shake its bearded ear.

And thus she spoke, intelligible grown,

With utt'rance new, and meaning not her own. 180

“ My voice shall be for open war, oh Peers!

“ It suits so well my temper and my years,

“ Which unimpair'd preserve their wonted fire,

“ Demand employ, and scorn the word RETIRE;

* The Sieur Martin Eresvahre, the present governor of that province, has taken great pains to instruct the inhabitants in culture writing and reading.

" Nor from my shoulders think their burthen great, 183
 " Years press not from their number, but their weight,
 " Oh were I but as young, high in renown,
 " As when one H——r apparent to the C——n,
 " I at a royal christ'ning dar'd provoke,
 " Deserv'd his menace, tho' I 'scap'd its stroke; 190
 " Or when, tho' somewhat doubled then with age,
 " The next to him I glory'd to engage!
 " Witness ye banks of *Cam*, that overthrow,
 " When thy dull stream had doubts which way to flow,
 " Till I triumphant won the laurell'd day, 195
 " And the disputed Title bore away!
 " Forgive the boasts, me, since they serve to shew,
 " To insult, nor to opposition new.

" That glorious monarch, (so we call him now,
 " Whom when alive we treated God knows how, 200
 " Whom ev'n the *City* now reveres, yet then
 " Disdain'd to hear the name of *Dettingen*)
 " Saw, when his scepter trembled in his hand,
 " Me in the front of his deserters stand.

“ Nor think I single list in your design, 205
“ The men who laugh at me, for me resign,
“ Themselves from what they have in hand seclude,
“ While hope of more appears like gratitude ;
“ These all increase your bands with ready aid,
“ Forces the Court against itself has paid. 210

“ Lead on, I follow, glad to have arraign'd,
“ Whatever measures my whole life maintain'd :
“ Convictive contradictions come about,
“ Seen in the different lights of *in* and *out*.

“ Did I its general extent allow ? 215
“ I see th' Excise in all its horrors now.
“ Against the *Craftsman* did my writ prevail,
“ And send poor *Franklyn* o'er and o'er to Jail ?
“ Now, perish'd Liberty ! I mourn aloud,
“ Thy fall by forms, which then the law avow'd ! 220

" Made I, of heads like mine with numbers more,

" Such war and peace as ne'er were made before ?

" The present peace with energy I hate,

" And kneel before the word INADEQUATE.

" Or was my judgment formerly inclin'd, 225

" To think addressees spoke the People's mind ?

" Instructed, now I see their full import,

" Against they do, but never for, a Court :

" And yet it hurts me that it is address'd, 229

" But when by *Cambridge*, more than all the rest"—

Th' o'erwhelming thought she could no longer bear,
But sputtering still to speak, sunk to her chair.

END OF CANTO III.



P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.

C A N T O IV.

IN study'd dignity of action flow,
Bespeaking favour with a winning bow,
AMBITION next arose. Her pow'rful lore,
Credulity preventive stepp'd before:
For *Eloquence*, the cheat, had brought her up 5
To all the flight-hand of the ball and cup;
Taught her to twist, and turn, and shew, and hide,
And make the worse appear the better side;
Shew'd her, to clash how contradictions ceas'd,
While fact and reason took what shape she pleas'd. 10

As the bright stream, which Nature loves to pour
Irriguous thro' the vale, had nurs'd each flow'r,
Had charm'd the ear and eye thro' op'ning glades,
With untaught murmurs from unforc'd cascades;
But when compress'd thro' pipes, as whim prevails,
Squirts into fans, and fans, and peacocks tails:
The glitt'ring baubles who with wonder spies,
Receives the spout at last in his own eyes.

And thus she said: "O Thou, who dost preside
" O'er *Britain's* Isle, and all her measures guide,
" Whose doctrine Heav'n's own precept far outgoes,
" Bids us love, better than ourselves, our foes;
" O *Janus-Party!* now incline to hear
" Thy double face, and thy quadruple ear.
" And ye, now present, to my nod devote,
" Lords, and Lords betters, Aldermen! take note
" That FOLLY to my bosom here I bend,
" Her, my contempt till now, but now my friend:

A M O C K - H E R O I C.

43

Link'd in the common cause she shall remain

My firm confed'rate, till I rule again.

39

" 'Twere needless here to tell, what yet you see
Draws its conceal'd, dim origin from me—

The rage of Faction, when each nerve it moves,

He, who disclaims not, tacitly approves.

Behold! the cloud, I said, would threat the land, 35

That cloud shall rise in likeness of this hand,

Pour all its storms, directed as I please,

And wash away the hateful works of peace:

Peace, which myself I dar'd not bring about,

I knew it right, but knew 'twould throw me out.

Another ventur'd, foolish, or secure

41

In his own soul, and above lust of pow'r,

Seal'd the great deed to which his wish aspir'd,

And unrewarded, but by that, retir'd.

" And could he think, of peace the foe profess, 45

Title and pension had inclin'd to rest?

“ That on AMBITION’s eye repose would creep,
“ Lull’d by those medicated fops to sleep?

“ She who twin’d unanimity, and shew’d
“ The wond’ring world how firm *Britannia* stood, 50
“ Can the reverted wheel as quick incite,
“ Till all the splitting fibres disunite.
“ She, who fell Party’s tortuous folds could break,
“ And set her foot upon that dragon’s neck, 5
“ The deadly teeth, which from those jaws she drew
“ Can plant, and they can pullulate anew.
“ Those grains of discord giv’n to fertile land
“ Sprout rank, and faithful to the sower’s hand.
“ Yes, in ripe harvest see them nod again,
“ A threat’ning crop of discontented men ; 6
“ Which way to wave they from my breath expect,
“ Blame as I point, and hate as I direct.

“ It grieves me, FOLLY, nay it gives me fears,—
“ This foul defection of your black Hussars,

A M O C K - H E R O I C.

45

4 " Whose wav'ring duty, truant from its string, 65

" Transfers itself from Ch——r to K—g.

" Now by the laurels of *Belleisle*, my boast,

" And the unnumber'd millions which they cost,

" Should e'er my Borough for addressing move,

50 " And honest *Allen* dare the peace approve, 70

" In such contempt the rebels I should hold,

" I'd toss them back their dirty box of gold !

k,

5 " But ere the People languish, haste to use

drew " The daring spirit we have known t' infuse ;

" The *English Oak-boy* as you bid him cries, 75

" And to roar louder firmly shuts his eyes :

" He's yours at pleasure clos'd while they remain,

" All's over if he opens them again.

6 " Employ him while, all enemies o'ercome,

fect, " He longs for new ones in his friends at home, 80

" The proper catch-words *Party* shall provide,

" To range the fools on either foolish side ;

rs, " No previous injury need rouse their force,

" Match but the *Broughtons*, and they hate of course.

“ Oh if we seize with skill the coming hour, 85
“ And re-invest us with a robe of pow’r,
“ Rule while we live! let future days transmute
“ To ev’ry merit all we’ve charg’d on BUTE;
“ Let late Posterity receive his name,
“ And swell its sails with ev’ry breath of fame; 90
“ Downward, as far as Time shall roll his tide,
“ With ev’ry pennant flying, let it glide,
“ And Truth, emerging from the clouds we raise,
“ Gild all their orient colours with her blaze.
“ Let his lov’d Arts, attendant on his way, 95
“ Their wanton trophies to the gale display;
“ While each dispassionate, each honest pen
“ (Deterr’d by clamour, nor allur’d by gain,
“ Bard or Historian) shall from either shore
“ Hail its approach, and its great course explore; 100
“ Faithful to probity, and virtue’s cause,
“ Pursue its progress, and direct th’ applause:
“ Glad Gratulation shall with shouts approve,
“ And own him worthy of his sov’reign’s love.”

85 She had proceeded, but the mingled sound 105
 Of arguing voices spread the table round,
 Some affirm'd positive, some ask'd perplex,
 And some launch'd out in notes upon the text;
 Till one more audible than all the rest,
 90 With strong exertion thus himself express'd: 110
 "Why sit we here projecting some new blow,
 "Since FATE determines all events below?
 "On that tribunal let our envoy wait,
 "And who so fit as FOLLY upon FATE?"
 95 Th' advice was grateful to the gen'ral ear, 115
 All beg'd that great commission she would bear,
 Which, bowing low, she said should be achiev'd,
 Tho' trembling at the honour she receiv'd;
 00 The point thus settled, from the board they move,
 Dispers'd as pleasure led, or bus'ness drove. 120

But FOLLY sought her library with speed,
 For one she had for show, but not to read,

There jumbling in her head what she thought, Thought,
 How best to find the trackless road she sought,
 She chose t' essay the force of her own prate, 125
 Rememb'ring to how many once 'twas fate.

And now the mystic gibberish she tried,
 Something that neither promis'd nor deny'd,
 But drew one on to hope, "it wish'd so well—
 "And though it doubted, yet—it could not tell— 130
 "O! my dear *What's-your-Name*, of me be sure,
 "I would a member had not ask'd before—
 "You'll let me see you soon, by then I'll try"—
 Then seem'd to squeeze a hand, and said, Good-by.

Strange force of charms! By this the solid ground
 Grew mortal sick with the unmeaning sound, 136
 In strong convulsions rock'd; at length it cleft,
 And a wide opening towards the center left,
 To regions unexplor'd, which, dark and great,
 Are the domain of MYSTERY-OF-STATE. 140

Pond'ring a while she stood, and wish'd to know
The *Calais*-passage to these realms below,
'Till curiosity her fears expung'd,
And she intrepid on her errand plung'd.

Now, as she journey'd, faded on her sight 145
The feeble glimmerings of distant light,
Faint and more faint the intercepted ray
Withdrew itself, and died upon her way.
And now, thro' darkness, palpable, abhorr'd,
Her groping hands the doubtful path explor'd, 150
Till, nigh the confines where the lower sphere
Joins to our world, but yet is ne'er the near,
Thin streaks of budding day salute her eye
With the first dawns of the nether sky;
For other suns they have and stars than we, 155
By which no mortal but themselves can see.

Now the receding gloom her sight renew'd,
And cloath'd with form each bright'ning object stood.

The opening scene with wonder she surveys,
Not knowing that she travell'd her own ways, 160

Here for the upper surface she discern'd,
How flatt'ry lay to bubbling lather churn'd,
Whose bottom form'd a thicker sediment
Of coarse and clumsy clergy compliment.
This happy compost with its supple oil 165
Invigorates and opes the fertile soil,
Calls forth each seed of dirt to bud and flow'r,
And trick itself in all the hues of pow'r ;
While from her urn Partiality supplies
The stream to blood and merit she denies. 170
Hence blooms th' unlearn'd Divine in all the glow
His double-petall'd mitre can bestow,
Hence spreads the under Clerk his ample shoot,
And strikes in the revenue deep his root,
Hence high his flourish'd head the Valet rears, 175
And hence Attornies blossom into Peers.

A M O C K - H E R O I C.

51

Still lower, in their different strata spread,
As Levity thought fit to range, were laid
Close in their shells involv'd, yet innocent,
The unhatch'd vermin of a government. 180

Here grubs and maggots favour's sun-shine wait,
To get new shapes and wing the world in state,
Or more industrious, snug, and warm as milk,
Spin their soft nests, and wrap themselves in silk.

Hence snails of office thro' their slimy tracks 185
Crawl off at last with houses on their backs.

Hence worms and earwigs in new figures sport,
And tinge themselves in ev'ry dye of Court,

'Till pinch'd with cold, another form they try,
And dip their varying films in LIBERTY. 190

Here yet unfang'd, wriggle the viper race,
Which fond Administration broods in place,
'Till fatten'd on herself, and fit for strife,
They thro' her bowels gnaw their way to life.

Here public Zeal, the alligator, hides 195
Her selfish eggs, and for their birth provides,

Of incubation in no need they stand,
But hatch in Popularity's hot sand;
To prey with open mouths away they scour,
Yet seem to mourn the country they devour. 200

Now lower as she went the hoary deep
Discovers where the seeds of metals sleep.
She saw, and lik'd to see, the plodding head
Do the world's business, yet be only lead;
That impudence, its copper birth forgot, 205
Grows brass, and is important on the spot;
That talk and pertness still succeed by din,
And shine and tinkle in the shape of tin;
That ignorance and meanness rais'd to pow'r,
Their low materials quickly silver o'er; 210
That whig and tory principles unfold
Their like constituency, and turn to gold.
But wit, the quick-silver, escap'd her view,
Or seeing what it was she little knew,
Last saw, where party-gems their rays refine, 215
How Patriotism inflames the blazing mine.

She now perceiv'd, from this instructive fight,
A kind of reminiscence, all was right.

The soul is never taught, but recollects
The traces of its prior intellects,
Acknowledges the state she held before,
And owns the beaming shield at Troy she bore.

220

E N D O F C A N T O I V.

A. M. O. C. K. H. A. N. O. V. 17

The new pencil is the best of its kind.

A kind of pencil is the best of its kind.

The pencil is the best of its kind.

The pencil is the best of its kind.

The pencil is the best of its kind.

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P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.

C A N T O V.

ALL-dreaded Nemesis! whose *Iron-rod*
Obeys in Party's Star-chamber her nod,
Oh! keen to mark, with fierce but patient glance,
The angry hour of penalty advance,
Wherein t' express, vindictive of the wrong, 5
Severe exaction from the blabbing tongue;
May it be lawful! may th' advent'rous Muse,
Unscourg'd of Thee, her farther song effuse
From sacred ignorance to light which bears
Secrets, to uninitiated ears 10

Perhaps forbidden, which from human fight
Thick politics involve in treble night!
Shudd'ring she repursues her path, and feels
In thought, thy Blood-hounds op'ning at her heels,
Yet whence her fears? what modern Bard that sings,
Thinks he can make too free with God and Kings? 16

Still FOLLY thro' the road abstruse, profound,
Her serious, tho' not thoughtful, footsteps wound,
To dissipate the fears which round her grew,
She would have whistled, but no tune she knew. 20
Yet that denied, its failure she repays
With scraps of Cambridge speeches in her praise,
Which little understood, but much believ'd,
The tedious error of her way deceiv'd.

When all at once, a Portico in sight, 25
Wild above rule, erects its daring height,
Bold architecture! in whose rough design
All orders, jumbled in confusion, join; 1

A M O C K - H E R O I C,

57

The huddled members cluster into state,

For Quantity of course appears like Great.

30

The boist'rous Roman Brothers plan'd its frame,

And wounded deep in brass the Gracchi's name,

But heap on heap while rose the desp'rate shell,

Its scaffold, faithless to its builders, fell.

This English hands, with better skill supplied,

35

New rear'd, and flung its arch from side to side.

Sacred to Opposition stands the mass,

And yields to Honour's temple easy pass,

Leaving poor Virtue's antiquated road

By painful fools, like AMHURST, to be trod.

40

Go, liquify the brass, bid it receive

The form of AMHURST, and attempt to live ;

Raise the high car, relieve it with his deeds,

Thou, Terror, harness the impatient steeds,

Strew prostrate provinces his wheels beneath,

45

Behind, let Vict'ry, hov'ring with her wreath,

Spread her broad vans beyond the Roman stretch.

No, this, Posterity, 'tis thine to sketch,

Our housewife Britain, a much cheaper way,

Bids Obloquy her debts of honour pay. 50

Here FOLLY enter'd, dazzled to behold

The lofty coving flame with fretted gold,

Where some Copernicus had aim'd to trace

The system state-Astronomers embrace.

Thick interfections cross the puzzled score, 55

With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er.

Here regal Pow'r, sun of the circling sphere,

Shorn of its fierceness, leads the temp'rate year,

Shedding mild radiance, which from pole to pole

Gives warmth, and life, and beauty to the whole. 60

Hardly subordinate, around this source

The wand'ring fires of *Party* whirl their course.

Each fullen Saturn to dark distance strays,

And envies ev'ry other star its rays.

5. A M O C K - H E R O I C. 59

Transverse, broke from their orbits, streaming fly
 The angry comets of Ambition's sky, 66
 Burns the whole hemisphere with sanguine glare,
 50 Ye Monarchs tremble ! and ye People stare !
 Ah ! whither drive these bursts of threat'ning blaze ?
 Why NEWTON says they drive to Stow and Hays ; 70
 But one frail life was too confin'd t' explain
 How wond'rously they come about again.

55 Nor wanted on the walls, rich artifice
 Of Emblem, Hieroglyphic, or Device,
 Grotesque or Heraldry, all wildly grac'd 75
 In gawdy nothingness of modern taste.

Here, *Eloquence* pours forth her thund'ring tide,
 60 And roars, like London Bridge, on either side ;
 There, *Public Spirit*, swan-like, spreads his snow,
 But hides the bosom grim with ooze below ; 80
 Here, *Clamour*, like the cramp, drowns Worth at once,
 There, bladder *Party* swims the leaden Dunce ;

Here, *Liberty*, turn'd Fish-wife, flings her dung,
Makes all her mouths, and shews her ell of tongue ;
There, cleanly *Satire*, to preserve us sweet, 85
Rakes up her filth, and poisons all a street ;
Here, medley monsters spraul, misshapen things,
And Patriots rampant over muzzled Kings ;
With these, the white-hors'd Saint, revers'd his fight,
For, sad ! the furious Dragon slays the Knight ; 90
And here, (for Compliment would needs bestow
FOLLY's own, proper, crest, in freshest glow,)
Gives his gay train the Peacock to the wind,
Unmindful of his naked rump behind ;
While, lib'ral of th' immodulated note, 95
He screams thro' all his dissonance of throat.

Between, hang Collars, Coronets, and Swords,
And azure Circles charg'd with mystic words,
Each honour contraband that Faction yields,
Unsweated for in Glory's crimson fields. 100

5. Much she admir'd, for all was vast, and grand,
; But great admirers never understand;
85 Thro' her own medium view'd, to her they seem
Realizations of a fev'rish dream,
Dream she once dream'd! but cur'd by pestled wight,
And grateful in proportion to her fright, 106
ht, She made the Public pay, (it was not dear,)
90 Her clysters with eight hundred pounds a year.

From hence an ample Court in proud parade
Extends to stretch of sight its colonade, 110
Where in full 'Change, and busy disarray,
95 Throng all who trade the *Constitution* way;
Throng all who seek to barter side for side,
All who oppose, or puzzle, or divide.
Throng Fav'rites, Ministers, in buzzing swarms, 115
And mighty Monarchs' insubstantial forms;
All mix with all, nor here resentment know,
100 For as they lov'd above, they hate below.

But, sep'rate from the hubbub, FOLLY view'd
 Where her late Master's gracious figure stood. 120
 " And, ah! great Sire, with falt'ring voice she cried,
 " Things are extremely alter'd since you died.
 " Now Hanover no more can cloud your fame,
 " But ev'ry soul, that's out, adores your name.
 " Did rancour on your living virtues wait? 125
 " Exinct, we hail you, good, and wise, and great,
 " Your Reign with this invidiously compare;
 " 'Tis all the praise a British King can share—
 The injur'd shade, disdaining to reply,
 Cried, Pooh! and stalk'd majestically by. 130

She would have blush'd, tho' foll'wing still to speak,
 If blush could ever burn on FOLLY's cheek,
 When, lo! the ghost of P——m stop'd her way.
 " Alas! too soon review'd, sad sister say,
 " Or is it piety could hither drive 135
 " Thee, tho' wit hout a body, still, alive,

Or, eel-like slip'd away beyond thy pow'r,
Pursu'st thou here th' irrevocable hour?"

To whom in answer, FOLLY; "From above
Nor piety conducts, (we did not love,) 140
Nor yet some early hour elaps'd, again
Hunt I thro' all the subsequent in vain;
But solemn embassy to FATE that brings
On deep embarras in the state of things:
Lead on the unknown way, and as we go, 145
Instruct me how you pass your time below."

When thus, at once advancing, P——m said,
Think not our manners quit us when we're dead,
Secure to be, they mock Death's feeble shaft,
Smile at the Doctor, and defy his draught, 150
And hurry'ng downward, (rather than survey
The foolish farce their body has to play,
The dry-eyed wife, the mutes dissolv'd in jokes,
The hackney-coachmen-gentlemen in cloaks,

“ Th’ enfranchis’d son, the mercenary crowd; 155

“ The tears that smile, and groans that laugh aloud,

“ Here recommence, on a long lease renew’d,

“ The self-same measures they alive pursued.

“ Thus Walpole still, with golden balance nice,

“ Exactly librates patriots and their price, 160

“ While doubts the beam, one turning sixpence giv’n

“ Mounts Virtue, her accustom’d road, to Heav’n.

“ Thus Granville, still impetuous without aim,

“ Less fond of pow’r than literary fame,

“ In the prime passion, lets the second sink, 165

“ Then, all his pleasing knowledge drowns in drink.

“ And thus shall whene’er he treads these ways,

“ Still sue to apron’d citizens for praise,

“ Still, faithful to the steps by which he rose,

“ Oppose, and Opposition reoppose, 170

“ His amphibæna management renew,

“ And bid the head of State its tail pursue.

A M O C K - H E R O I C.

65

“ From th’ infernal Bench new rules shall draw,
 “ Till *Rhadamanth* decide on more than law,
 “ *Minos* inflame his culprits to rebel, 175
 “ And *Æacus* grow popular in hell.

“ BUTE, as above, shall exercise below
 “ Each blessed gift Heav’n’s favour could bestow,
 “ And still, superior to pretence,
 “ Shall put his only trust in honest sense.” 180

Here FOLLY interrupting, (for just here
 The sound of exultation struck her ear,
 Paeans responsive from celestial choirs,
 Breath of soft flutes, and touch of heav’nly lyres,
 While fanning Zephyrs scatter’d, as they rose, 185
 What gums and spice the gale of Ceylon blows,)
 “ Say brother, whence, and why, around us swim
 “ This cloud of odour, and this voice of hymn?”
 To whom thus P—m. “ Where thou may’st perceive
 “ Yon bays and laurels thickest interweave 190

" Their ever-verdant branches, render'd quite
 " Impervious, as insup'able their height,
 " Crown'd with immortal flow'rs, in that bless'd space,
 " The souls of perfect Patriots find their place.
 " Blest space! to pure disint'rest justly due, 195
 " But trod, like Paradise, by only two.

" No Catos gain admittance to those climes
 " Whose virtues do more harm than Cæsar's crimes,
 " Who from the first to last, with equal pride,
 " Mean each by *Liberty*, that *He* should guide. 200

" But far remov'd from reach of Party jobs,
 " The war of pamphlets, and the pelt of mobs,
 " From Dunquerque clamour'd as the peace is now,
 " From an ungrateful Monarch's alter'd brow,
 " From *Shaftsbury*s and *Buckingham*s, (so call 205
 " The ———s and T——s then who led the brawl,)
 " There CLARENDON, with his SOUTHAMPTON, reigns,
 " Knit in eternal Friendship's holy chains.

A MOCK-HEROIC.

67

" Hail sacred character ! the claim to praise

" Abuse and injury but serve to raise.

210

" What tho' no riots shouted thy lov'd name,

" No Guild-hall portrait glar'd thee into fame,

" No city-letters stuff'd thee with applause,

" The scare-court mawkin of a desp'rate Cause ;

" Yet self-approving Conscience, which surveys 215

" Without one pang the tenor of her ways,

" Sees all her aims concentring to this end,

" To fix the crown, yet be the people's friend,

" To curb, but not by faction, pow'r of ill,

" And save a venal State against its will;

220

" Bids warmer transports in thy bosom glow

" Than gratified Ambition could bestow.

" Yet, while I may, oh ! let me hither bring

" Each fragrant product of the blushing spring,

" And while I heap these altars, all thine own, 225

" And clear away the moss Neglect has sown,

" Do thou accept the late, but honest, wreaths,
 " Which Envy holds from Virtue while she breathes.
 " All hail, unblemish'd HYDE ! who would commute
 " Thy banishment, or the retreat of BUTE, 230
 " For all that of windy triumph feels,
 " With the whole Common-Council at his heels ! "

Here P—m ceas'd, in rapture deep immers'd,
 Which FOLLY soon, half trembling, thus dispers'd.

" But tell me then, since Heav'n such blessings show'rs
 " On real Patriots, what becomes of ours ? 236
 " Who mad to repossess the pow'r we've lost,
 " With the whole country in distraction tost,
 " Order revers'd, confounded right and wrong,
 " The strait path crooked, and the short one long, 240
 " Who truth and falsehood see, as suits the time,
 " WILKES naught but virtue, SANDWICH ^{[crime,} naught but
 " Who sigh that others don't forsake their trust,
 " But sicken because France and Spain are just ?

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5. " Does not, in dreadful counterbalance, Pain, 245

" Nat'ral alternative, for such remain ?

te When P——m thus, with countenance secure ;

30 " Feel no alarm, whatever they endure.

" Vengeance no doubt, in ample portion spilt,

" For penalty is but the tail of guilt. 250

" But, whether on their vitals, day by day,

" The gnawing vultur Disappointment prey,

" Or doom'd, the leaky sieve of Hope to fill,

'rs " Or roll the stone of Faction up the hill,

36 " To thrid a giddy round, which knows no pause, 255

" Whirl'd on the wheel of popular Applause,

" Or strive to snatch in Expectation's dream,

" The bobbing apple, and elusive stream ;

49 " Concerns not those, who into life are brought,

" Seal'd with a bless'd immunity from thought ; 260

me, but " For pitying Justice tacks, in their defence,

" Inculpability to want of sense.

" Nature, like other mothers, doats upon
 " The dear defects which grace a booby son.
 " Soon as her blessing on the dolt she pours, 265
 " On Fortune's breath the lucky feather soars :
 " But whether, upward, from its lightness, blown,
 " The clinging trifle hangs upon a Throne ;
 " Or, whisk'd about, on Faction's eddy plays,
 " Seeming to give the motion it obeys ; 270
 " Alike to nothing all its squirs amount,
 " *And of its doings Heav'n takes no account.*

" But here we part, farewell. Thro' either gate,
 " Prone, of itself the road conducts to FATE."

Two gates there are, which seem almost to join,
 Yet differ in materials and design. 276
 The one, of solid History compact,
 Rears its firm greatness on the rock of Fact ;
 The Tuscan order forms its stately face,
 And charms in graceful negligence of grace, 280

5. A M O C K - H E R O I C.

71

The other, stands a pile of meaner note,
Built of Biography and Anecdote,
Composit, lac'd with Gothic and Chinese,
65 Displeasing, from its over zeal to please.

Thro' this, whatever will, a passage earns ; 285
To all that comes the facil wicket turns ;
To semblances, which sporting Fancy flings,
70 Thin onion-coats, from surfaces of things :
Except, when in their pleasing turn of ward,
PLUTARCH, or CAMPBELL happen upon guard ; 290
They, with just rigour, scrutinizing fit,
But crown with roses all that they admit.

Nor ballanc'd FOLLY in her choice of gate,
Now first grown conscious of her want of weight,
76 But kept her pace, unbroken by delay, 295
And thro' the latter issued on her way,

80 E N D O F C A N T O V.

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P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.

C A N T O VI.

OF perfect diamond a solid rock;
Far from the tempest's beat and earthquake's shock,
Its massive spurs down to the center shoots,
Where endless Permanency binds the roots;
Upon its summit awefully elate 5
Immoveably is fix'd the throne of FATE:
The wond'rous pile no mark of structure shews,
Unhewn, unbuilt, the living quarry grows.
Up the steep height an iron caufeway tends,
And at the footstool of the Monarch ends ; 10

Here FOLLY pass'd, and as she climb'd the mound
Hollow and loud her shuffling steps resound.

Rais'd on his seat the hoary Sire appear'd,
And spread profuse his ample flow of beard ;
No condescension his firm looks avow,
Inexorable sternness knits his brow.

15

Around him bawl, but clam'rous to no end,
The fond addressees which we mortals send ;

He to their purport turns a deafen'd ear,

Or answers traversly the wasted pray'r ;

20

To spendthrift sons eternal fathers gives,

And health untaintable to modern wives ;

The maiden's pious vows are still repaid

With husbands bad at board, and worse abed ;

To *Britain* (every plume of glory won)

25

Sends news-papers, and all the work's undone :

Or, just as Party thinks to crown her pains,

Gives resolution, and the Prince still reigns.

Before his feet was plac'd, slave of his sway,
NECESSITY whom Men and Gods obey. 30
Her strong right hand a pond'rous hammer held,
Her left with adamantine nails was fill'd,
Close to her side, of steel an anvil rose,
(The founding anvil never feels repose)
With these on this, as fast as FATE assents, 35
She rivets actions down to their events.
Millions of *Second-causes* claim in vain
Their feat usurp'd, and urge their right to reign;
She holds possession still; while they pursue,
For ever, their rejected suit, anew, 40

On ev'ry side, and scatter'd ev'ry way,
Her finish'd labours in wild parcels lay
Unrang'd by their importance, equal here
The loss of battles, or at whist appear;
A Statesman chang'd, or lodging newly lett, 45
Empires transferr'd, or fashions out of date.

The joys, the woes, th' extinction of man's race
Serve but to make the litter of the place.

Here, trebly clench'd the dire injunction lay
For War t' extend his yet too narrow sway; 50
Hunger or Lust the contest first began,
Ambition soon improv'd upon the plan;
Religion next inflam'd the fell debate,
And steel'd our hearts, and edg'd our swords with hate;
Last, Commerce for an endless quarrel stood, 55
And all before seem'd penury of blood.

There was ordain'd, Law should untie her noose,
And slip the dogs of Licence and Abuse;
To their own kennels' stench familiar grown,
But pois'ning ev'ry nose except their own, 60
They with full cry the dubious scent explore,
And trail wherever Scandal touch'd before :
Still, oh the shame! still the loud yelp proceeds,
And the first head of all the forest bleeds.

A M O C K - H E R O I C.

77

Here, in like volume, the decree of FATE 65

Forbids that madmen should divide the State;

They with absurd, illib'ral, desp'rate push,

To shame ev'n Party, and make Faction blush,

Strive, but in vain, to alienate the hearts

Of a whole People great in arms and arts; 70

To us, by Nature, Reason, Int'rest, Blood,

Conjoin'd, and union'd by the circling flood.

Thro' these as FOLLY pass'd with tott'ring gait,

From thinking hurry gave an air of state,

And tripping at the last unlucky law, 75

(As witches stumble o'er a cross of straw)

She chanc'd to kick one bundle; light it roll'd

Into existence; in it was foretold

A *Mock-heroic* should employ the pains

Of venal quills, and party-heated brains. 80

She, on her knees, with hands devoutly clos'd,

At once her message and herself expos'd;

To whom in answer FATE: " Thus far to come,

" Swell all its rage, and lash itself to foam,

" O'er every mound of decency to ride, 85

" Has been allow'd to riot's moon-drawn tide;

" Here its proud waves shall stop, the boist'rous flood

" On which ye hull'd desert you in the mud.

" The mists that veil the morning of this reign,

" The breath of Order shall disperse again, 90

" Broke they shall scud before the piercing ray,

" And add new glories to its burst of day.

" See the glad prospect shine! a Briton born,

" Whom virtues, Angels might possess, adorn,

" Gives lustre to the Throne; whose deeds confess 95

" No thirst of pow'r, except the pow'r to bless;

" Who from the sceptre no exemption draws,

" And lives but the first subject of the laws;

" For *Monarch* reckons in his moral plan,

" But second title to the HONEST MAN. 100

“ Him, had the World deserv'd, Heav'n had design'd
“ The sov'reign, as the friend, of all mankind,
“ Plac'd as its gentle delegate he'd stood,
“ And won them by example to be good;
“ Taught them the social duties how to blend, 105
“ The Son, the Brother, Husband, Father, Friend.--

“ Rous'd from their dream, the honest and the wise
“ Shall view confusion with abhorrent eyes;
“ Nay, the misled shall say, while drops the tear,
“ How could our love be scribbled into fear? 110

“ Yet but a little, ere this child of Glare,
“ This mighty Bubble burst to empty air.
“ Rise, crown'd with light, imperious *Wildmans* rise,
“ Then sink to nothing in the Nation's eyes;
“ See wild Dispersion craze the Babel-pile, 115
“ And some desert the cause, and some the isle,
“ Skulking, by twos and threes, away they fall,
“ As presencit rats forsake the mould'ring wall,

" See others drop, despairing of resource,

" The melancholy martyrs of remorse, 120

" W——s outlaw'd, C——l in his beer expire,

" And mute your trumpet, as unstrung your lyre.

" Go, tell your senders to revere their K—g.

" And in your private ear, this only thing

" Of which it can be capable, receive, 125

" Folks of your Age have never long to live."

Nor more:—And FOLLY backward on her way

Sullen and silent turn'd her steps, tow'rs day.

And now, fair DECENCY! to whom we owe

That peace and order are things known below, 130

That man was taught, with better aim, to push

Beyond his acorn feast and bed of rush,

The rugged cavern's shelter to disown,

And seek convenience in the peopled town,

There to distinguish, in subjection mild, 135

'Twæen reasonably free and staring wild;

Do Thou forgive, if stung with honest pain,

Too far o'er *Satire's* far too open plain

I urge the sportive steed, while I pursue
Through his own paths, the Blatant beast in view.—
Do thou forgive, if e'er I, unexact, 141
Of his own dirt some little specks contract;
Hard were the task to thrid so foul a way,
And yet no plashing of the soil betray.

But if provok'd to vindicate thy laws, 145
I dip my pen in Truth and Virtue's cause;
If I, when Scandal shoots her load of shame,
Restore it honestly to whence it came;
If my sole aim is licence to restrain,
And laugh thy rebels home to thee again; 150
If, undesirous of the wreath of bays,
Nor over ticklish to the straw of praise,—
Unask'd, unpromis'd, if these lines I pour,
Conviction-drawn, but from my soul abhor
The name of Satirist, who to his share 155
Needs but an ear to rhyme and front to dare,
To hide his splendid bile in moral mask,
And set himself at once about his task;—

As a rough water-dog, New England's breed,
Fresh plaister'd from some pond with mud and weed,
Round from his fleece the dirty puddle shakes, 161
Rejoicing in the spatter that he makes :—

If these my motives, not alone forgive,
But bid this JUST RETALIATION, live;
While libels, when they've flourish'd for a spirt, 165
Fall like their brother leaves, and rot to dirt.

And this shall live, to tell a better age,
That, on a time, when Party, swoln to rage,
Pour'd ev'ry stream of licence uncontroul'd,
And man and beast, down the mad torrent roll'd;
One, whom the Muses rarely deign'd to fire, 171
To stem the headlong tide oppos'd his lyre;
That urg'd by Truth, he turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from passion to the heart,
For Faction's mirror, held up Reason's light, 175
Shew'd erring mobs that measures may be right,

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That pow'r and place are Opposition's aim,

That Patriotism and Int'rest are the same,

That Order is, what gives us bliss below,

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And our best knowledge, when we're well to know.

E N D o f C A N T O VI.

A. M. O. C. M. H. E. R. O. L. C.

That Jew and those Opponents are

That Persecution and the like have

That Obedience, which gives us this power,

And our best knowledge, which we're well to know.

END OF CANTO VI.



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